







INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

# Stories of the Revolution

PART III

## Marion, the Swamp Fox

BY

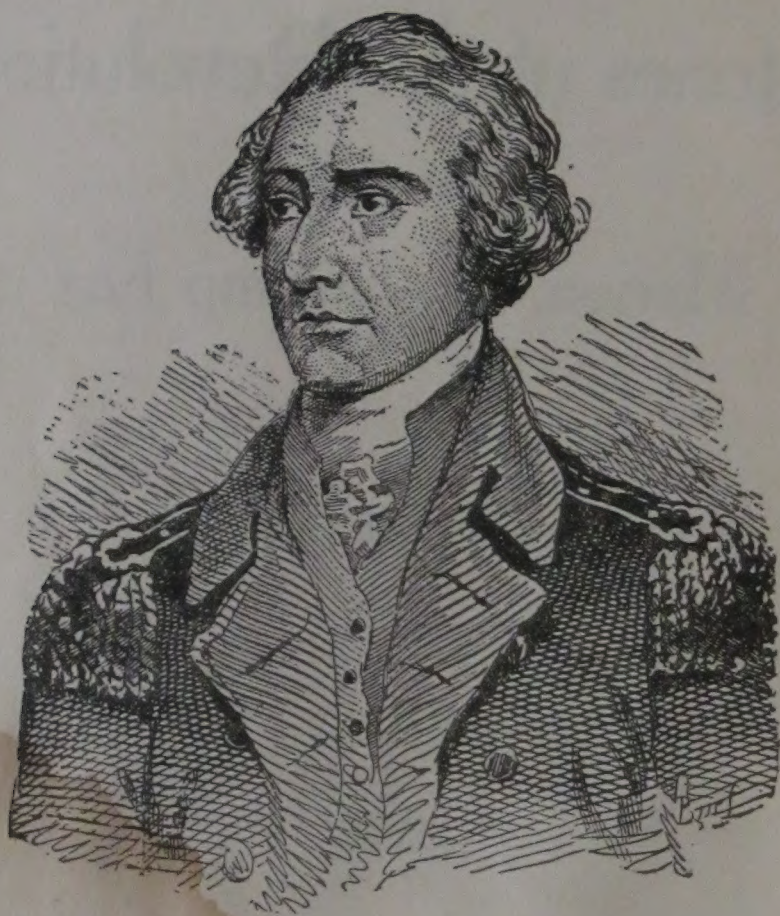
*Nellie McCabe*



F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

*Copyright 1906 by World's Events Publishing Co.*





Francis Marion



## Stories of the Revolution

### III

The sun is pouring his hot rays on the waters of Winyah Bay. The very air stirs lazily, and the rice growing in the fields is barely moving. Here and there is a negro working. Singing and laughing, the little colored boys are pushing the rice boats in the water along the edge of the fields.

No one seems to be working very hard, for in the warm air of South Carolina one would rather not move about.

Back from the fields a little way is a two-story frame house with a porch in front.

There are some children playing on the porch. Their happy laughter is heard by a sweet looking lady, who comes to the window every once in a while to see them.

They are bright dark-eyed children, very quick in all their play. They are the Marion children. Their father and mother are French people. That is, their grandparents were French people.

But why did they ever leave France, do you say? Because the King of France would not let them and many others worship God in the way they wished. He said that they must wor-



ship God the way *he* did. This they would not do.

After a while all these people began to be called Huguenots.

The King treated them so badly that they became tired of it, and thought they would find a home in the new land.

“Just like the Pilgrims,” you say. Yes, they left their homes for the same reason. But instead of coming to the cold, bleak shores of New England, they settled along the southern part of the Atlantic Coast.

Here they made beautiful homes, and planted fine trees around them. They tried to make them look like their old homes in France so they would not feel homesick.

To be sure in this new land they had to obey an English King, but what did they care for that, so long as they could worship God as they pleased. That is why they liked this new country.

Benjamin Marion and his family who lived on Winyah Bay, in South Carolina, were the children and grandchildren of these first Huguenots who came from France.

The children were playing around the wide porch, and everyone noticed how kind the five older ones were to the smallest one, Francis. He was a very pale, delicate looking child. He did not talk very much, but his dark eyes were very thoughtful.



After playing through the summer afternoon the children were called to supper. They washed their faces and hands, then listened to a prayer from their father, for they were very careful always to pray to the Heavenly Father, who had given them such a good home in this new land.

Little Francis Marion, as he grew older, was very fond of fishing, and he and his brothers often rowed the rice boats up the bay in search of fish.

Sometimes they were very brave, and rowed through the bay into the slow moving Pedee River. Beautiful islands dotted the river. Here everything was new and strange to their eyes. Tall trees grew along the edge of the river, and great long strands of moss hung from them. Often they tied their boats and went into the forests. These were so thick and dark that they could scarcely find their way through them.

Sometimes they came to swamps. These were tracts of land half covered with water. Often the ground looked hard, but if they stepped on it, they sank into deep mud. The boys learned their way through these swamps. Indeed, little Francis' sharp eyes took notice of the paths so well that he knew every turn in them.

He came to know the country around their plantation very well. He visited other boys



who, like himself, lived on plantations. The plantations were large farms, and the owners were called planters.

When Francis was about sixteen years old he made up his mind that he wanted to go to sea. His family tried to talk to him and beg him not to go, but he had read such wonderful stories about other countries.

In the harbor at Charleston was lying a ship bound for a trip to the West Indies. Francis had read all about these islands that Columbus had found, and thought he would like to see them, too.

After coaxing for several days, his father and mother said he could go. It was with tearful eyes, however, that they saw him start away. They were afraid they would never see him again.

He wished many times afterward that he had listened to them. The waves tossed the ship dreadfully. After they were several days out at sea, they saw a terrible monster coming toward them. It was a whale. It struck the side of the ship so hard that it tore off some planks.

The water now began to rush into the ship. The sailors took a small boat that they had on the ship and let it down into the water. They all climbed into it and were saved. Yes, they were saved, but what had they to eat? The captain had a noble dog of which he was very



fond, but rather than starve to death they killed and ate the dog. That was all the food they had for six days.

Finally another ship saw them and picked them up. They then took them home. You may believe this cured Francis of ever wanting to take another sea trip.

I never can tell you how glad he was to reach home. His mother kissed him and cried over him, thankful that he was still alive.

He now made up his mind to stay at home and work on the plantation.

In a few years his father died and he took his place and attended to everything for his mother. His other brothers had left home.

The rice had to be gathered and sold. Negroes worked in the hot fields because the sun did not make them sick. They lived in little cabins.

Francis always looked after them to see that they had everything they needed. He was very kind to them and they all loved him. "Massa Francis," as they called him, was always their kind friend.

The planters began to hear stories about this time, of the way the Indians were treating the people who lived west of them.

A band of planters with Marion among them went to drive the Indians away.

After several hard fights they drove them off their land and burned their wigwams. They tramped down their fields of corn.





Perils of Our Forefathers



The Indians had been very cruel, but Marion hated to see their fields spoiled. It made him feel very sad, for he was a kind man.

He said, "I saw all around the footsteps of little Indian children, where they had played under the tall corn. No doubt they looked up at the nice ears with joy. When we are gone they will come back and see the ruins of the happy fields. They will ask their mothers, 'Who did this?' They will say, 'The white people, the Christians did it.'"

The Indians were quiet for many years, and everything was peaceful.

After a while, word came to the people that the King of England was making unjust laws for his colonies. He was going to make them pay him taxes.

The people in South Carolina heard that the people in Boston, New York and Philadelphia were not going to pay them.

When the tea came over from England the people of Charleston would not have it. They put it in damp cellars where it spoiled. Indeed they had no idea of paying heavy taxes on tea.

They heard the King had sent his soldiers to Boston to make them obey his laws. The King had said he would send soldiers wherever the people would not obey him. He thought he would frighten them, but the Americans were not easily frightened.

A fight between the American people and



the English soldiers happened at Lexington. News that some Americans were killed there spread all over the country.

Men on horseback went about telling it.

The news did not reach South Carolina right away, but as soon as it did, the people made up their minds never to obey such a King.

When the people of South Carolina heard that the King was going to send his ships to take Charleston, they hurried there.

They wanted to go to the harbor at Charleston and keep the English ships from coming in. They could not fire upon the city if they could not get into the harbor.

So on a little island just outside the city they decided to build a fort, and fire upon the English ships as they came in.

This was a very good plan.

Colonel Moultrie was made head commander and Francis Marion one of the captains. Each captain had to bring his own men. Francis Marion had no trouble in finding enough, for many were willing to go with him.

The regiment all wore gay uniforms. They also wore leather caps. On these were crescents which had on them, "Liberty or Death."

They went to the little island in Charleston Harbor. There they started to build their fort. They brought palmetto logs over on a raft to the island. These they laid one on top of another until they made a good fort. They



then placed their thirty-one cannon where they could fire upon the ships.

Soon the nine ships came sailing into the harbor. They were beautiful ships and it seemed such a shame to tear them to pieces with cannon balls.

But were they not sent by the hateful King George?

On they came. At the right moment the Americans fired, and the ships answered with a great rattling of cannon balls.

The Americans were very brave in that fight. One gunner was shot while he stood at his place. He said, "I die—but do not let the cause of liberty die with me!"

The flag of the fort floated from a tall mast over it. A cannon ball broke the mast, and the flag fell outside the fort.

Sergeant Jasper saw the flag fall. He leaped over the logs and went outside the fort to pick it up. The balls from the English ships rained thick around him, but he walked out, picked up the flag and came back without being shot. He then tied it to a sponge-staff and set it up again. Proudly it waved over the fort.

The ladies of Charleston, hearing of this brave deed, made a beautiful flag and gave it to the regiment. It had on it their crescent with the words "Liberty or Death."

The commander of the British ships was killed and they all left the harbor. This



frightened the King so much that he let South Carolina alone for about three years.

His soldiers were busy fighting George Washington and his army, who were near New York and Philadelphia.

But the people of South Carolina were no longer peaceful. They quarreled among themselves. Some thought the King was good enough, and they made fun of those who wanted independence.

They did not treat the ones who wanted freedom very well. They burned their homes, and took their slaves. They took their tools so that they could not work their farms.

And to make matters worse, the British had come to the colony south of them, Georgia. They had soldiers at all the large cities. Some of these soldiers even came up into South Carolina and drove people out of their houses if they were not friendly to the King.

This turned the people more than ever against the King. They were brave and proud and could not bear such treatment from the rough soldiers any longer.

So they thought of a very bold plan. They would go down into Georgia and fight the British at Savannah. The Americans were beaten. The British then thought they would come on up into South Carolina and take Charleston, which the Americans had taken from them.



The brave second regiment with Francis Marion and Sergeant Jasper were to be there.

A rich man in Charleston asked the officers, with Francis Marion among them, to come to his house to dinner. After dinner this gentleman had his servants pass around the wine.

Now Francis Marion never drank any wine, so he started to leave the house.

He found the doors locked, so jumped from a window. In doing this he broke his ankle.

The battle of Charleston had to go on without him.

The second regiment were very brave and Sergeant Jasper planted his flag near the enemy's fort.

Here he was shot holding his loved flag.

"Tell Mrs. Elliot I lost my life holding the colors she gave to our regiment."

But what had become of Francis Marion? He was with a few of his faithful friends. The British wished very much to capture him, but his friends carried him from his bed into the forests. He was taken from one place to another, now hiding among the rocks, now hurrying from swamp to swamp.

The British lost their way in the swamps, but Marion knew them, for had he not wandered through them when he was a little boy?

His ankle finally became better, and with his servant to help him, he could get on his horse.

He thought he could get together a little



band of men. They would try to do all the good they could, perhaps they could keep the British soldiers from doing so many cruel things.

They started without a cent. They had not even enough money to pay for their meals on their way through the country.

Indeed, it was now a poor country they were passing through, for the British had traveled back and forth over it and had burned the houses and wasted the crops.

The people were often nearly starving to death, and could not even give the soldiers a little corn.

Marion's little band heard of a party of British who were staying at a small tavern near by. They rode up to the tavern, and called to the sentinels on the outside to surrender. They, thinking a large army was coming, dropped their guns and ran.

Marion's men were now better off, for each had some powder and a gun. Before they had only axes and clubs.

If they had no money to buy arms they could get them in this way.

They heard of another party of British soldiers, and Marion's men thought they would fight them. They went around through the woods and got in front of them.

They fought very hard, and Marion saw a British officer fall from his horse.



He sprang forward and took the horse by the bridle. He kept it for his own and named it Ball, after the British officer whose horse it was. It was a very fine horse, and could swim like a dog. This suited Marion, for he and his soldiers did not like to go over bridges. Their horses' hoofs made so much noise that the British could hear them. On a still night they might be heard a long way off. So he and his men always swam across a stream of water.

Marion's Brigade now chose for their camp an island in the Pedee River. It was a beautiful place, called Snow Island. The trees were tall and thick. Here they could meet, and no one could reach them.

Marion had all the bridges on the river torn down, and he took all the rice boats he could find. He did not leave any way for people to reach this island.

The British had not been idle. They had taken all the large cities on the coast of South Carolina. There were not enough American soldiers there to keep them out. But they were never sure of anything so long as Francis Marion was around. He and his men always had a way of catching any of their soldiers if they ever left these towns.

The British often sent soldiers after him but they never could catch him. He had a way of going into the swamps. The British only lost their way and could never find him.





MARION'S ENCAMPMENT ON THE PEDEE.



Here and there Marion's men took a number of the British soldiers and carried them off to their island.

After hunting Marion for days, the British general said, "Come, boys, we will go back. As for this Swamp Fox there is no catching him."

While Marion's men were here on this island the British wished to trade prisoners. That is, they would give Americans in exchange for the British soldiers Marion had taken.

A British officer came along the bank of the river across from the island. He carried a white flag. That meant that he came on a peaceful errand.

Marion's men rowed across and blindfolded him. Then they took him to the island.

They then took the cloth from off his eyes. He was surprised at what he saw. Great oak and pine trees were growing all around. He looked at Marion and was still more surprised to see such a small man. He saw a little lame man dressed in old clothes.

Instead of gayly dressed soldiers he saw only a few sunburnt looking men. Some were lying on the ground asleep. Others were roasting and eating potatoes. Some of the boys were playing games. Their guns were lying on a log near them.

Were these the men who kept the British afraid to move out of the cities along the coast? They looked harmless enough.



After they had talked about exchanging prisoners, Marion invited the British officer to stay to dinner.

Now he was curious to see what kind of a dinner these people would have, so he stayed.

He saw no signs of anything at all to eat. He did not smell anything cooking. There was a fire that the boys kept throwing pine sticks into. The flames darted upward and crackled.

Presently, Marion called one of his men and told him they were ready for their dinner.



Marion Inviting the British Officer to Dinner

They then seated themselves on the trunk of a fallen tree. Marion and the officer were each given a nice clean piece of bark. Then



going to the fire, the boy began to rake something out of the hot coals. The boy raked them on a large piece of bark and brought them to the men.

They were sweet potatoes nicely baked. Marion took them in his fingers, pulled them apart, and began to eat them.

The British officer looked at him. He said, "Is this all you have to eat?" Marion said, "Because you are here, it is better. I was afraid we would not have enough to go around."

"Do you receive any pay?" asked the officer.

"No," said Marion, "I am fighting for my country."

The British officer did not know what to say. He thought people who were willing to wear ragged clothes, do without much food, and receive no pay, that they might fight for their freedom, ought to be let alone.

He thought he had been very wicked to fight such people.

He went back to his camp and said, "I can fight these brave people no longer, I will leave them."

The rest of the British soldiers laughed at him, but he kept his word and went back to his own country.

Marion wished that more of the British would leave. He and his men kept catching a few of them whenever they started to leave the towns.



This made the British so angry, and worst of all, they could never catch this Swamp Fox.

On his good horse, Ball, he swam away and rode into the deep forests and swamps.

He and his men put logs all along the paths where the British were likely to go. They indeed began to feel that they were cooped up in the towns and could not get out. But Marion's men were gone and they could not find them.

### SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When, waking to their tents on fire  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror deem



A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil ;  
We talk the battle over  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and quietly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain ;  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts the tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away—  
Back to the pathless forest  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs ;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer



And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton  
Forever from our shore. — *W. C. Bryant.*

About this time Marion and other brave men in South Carolina began to think that if General Washington would send some of his army with a good general, they might get rid of the British. They were not strong enough themselves; they needed help.

Washington and his army were near New York. He listened to what the people of South Carolina had to say, and sent them one of his best generals.

He was General Greene, but he came with only a few soldiers, for Washington could not spare very many.

All the brave men with their little bands were to help General Greene.

When Marion with *his* band came before the American army, the soldiers could hardly keep from laughing.

They were just a poor ragged handful, not more than twenty. Men, boys and negroes.

Where were their bright uniforms? They were dressed in rags and patches, and were led by a little lame man who rode a beautiful horse.

This was Marion who kept the British so frightened in South Carolina. This was the Swamp Fox.



It made tears come to the eyes of General Greene when he thought of the brave hearts that beat beneath those ragged coats.

He saw by their looks that they had suffered. Marion still wore his old leather cap that had on it, "Liberty or Death."

General Greene knew what brave deeds Marion had done, so he asked him to watch the British and send him word about what they were doing. He knew Marion was just the man to do this well.

One night the British lay quietly sleeping, dreaming of their homes in England. Their sentinels had stacked their guns against a tree. Marion sent a scout who crept up behind the tree and stole all the guns. He then called to them in a loud voice to surrender.

They looked around for their guns and found that they were gone. They began to think that a large army was around them so they gave up. They afterward found that they had been taken by Marion and his little band of men.

Not long after this Marion's Brigade met a large party of the British. They thought they had about an even number of men and neither side cared to fight.

So instead they agreed that each side should choose twenty men and let them decide the battle.

Marion picked twenty of his best men. They

were men who never missed the mark. When they aimed at a man they always hit him.

The British officer sent twenty of his men out to meet them.

While both armies were standing to watch the men the British officer called his men back and they rode away.

He had heard enough of Marion's men to know that not one of his soldiers would be left.

The British now thought that Marion must be caught. They had had enough of him. They could not travel anywhere without his troubling them.

Some British soldiers were sent out to take the Swamp Fox.

Marion heard this and he went ahead of them, tore down all the bridges and placed logs in their way.

The only way they could get across the river was to ford it. Here Marion and his men stood and shot at them as they tried to come across. He made up his mind that they should never take him alive.

The British were glad to run under some thick bushes and hide. That night the British sent a man with a white flag in his hand, to talk to the Americans.

The word he brought to Marion from the British officer was, "Why don't you come out in the open field and fight like a Christian? Your soldiers must be like wild beasts. I can't





Major Crossing the Pedeg

cross a swamp or bridge but that I am shot at like a mad dog!"

Marion sent word back, "Have you not come three thousand miles across the sea to burn the houses of innocent people and kill them?"

"Now you come to tell us how we shall fight.

"Sir, I consider it my duty to rid the country of such people as you. You are no better than wolves and panthers."

General Greene now sent word to Marion to take Fort Motte.

This fort was a beautiful home that had been taken by the British. They used it for a store-house, where they kept a great many things that their army needed, such as food, rifles and powder. It was guarded by two hundred soldiers.

They had driven out Mrs. Motte, the owner, and she had gone to a little farm house on the hill near by.

Marion rode up with his brigade and ordered the soldiers to give up the fort. This they would not do.

Marion did not believe in waiting, for he knew that more of the British were soon coming to that fort.

He thought of a plan and went to Mrs. Motte with it. He told her that the only way to get the British to leave the house was to set fire to it. Mrs. Motte did not stop to think about the burning of her beautiful home. She loved her



country and wanted to rid it of the British. Anything to get the hated British out of her house.

She brought Marion a bow and some arrows. They were very good ones she knew and had been given to her husband as a gift.

Putting fire on the ends of the arrows they shot them into the dry roof.

Soon the smoke was rolling up and the crackling of the wood could be heard.

The British came running out. They could not get out fast enough, they fairly stepped on each others' heels. Marion took them prisoners and captured all the British stores.

Then they put out the fire in Mrs. Motte's house and she gave them a fine supper that evening.

It was the first good meal Marion's men had tasted since they had left their homes.

These good men, fighting for their country, had often gone hungry to bed, but they meant to keep right on till the British left this country.

General Cornwallis, the head of the British army, thought that he would move into Virginia, near the coast, and there wait until he had some more soldiers to help him.

General Greene, with Marion and others, were south of the British. General Washington, who was in New York, came quietly down into Virginia. He did not tell anyone his plans. The Americans were all around Corn-



Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown



wallis now, on every side except toward the sea.

He looked for ships with more soldiers to come and help him. But not one came.

The Americans moved closer all around him



“Past Two O’clock and Cornwallis is Taken.”

and he went to Yorktown. He found that he must give up. This he did on October 19, 1781.

His sword was handed to General Washington to show that he would fight him no longer. He

and his soldiers were to leave this land forever.

The men rode with all speed in every direction to tell the people that Cornwallis was taken.

It was past midnight in Philadelphia when the news reached there. The old watchman called out, "Past two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"

Lights were seen in all the windows and the empty streets were soon full of people. Old Liberty Bell rang out the glad news. Cannon roared and cheers were heard everywhere. The long war was ended and Cornwallis and his soldiers must now leave this country.

When the old doorkeeper in the House of Congress heard it he dropped dead with joy!

Soon the people all over the land had heard the glad news, and the brave ragged soldiers could now go home.

Marion called his faithful men to him and bade them good-bye. With tears in their eyes they took leave of their loved leader, and went back to their old homes.

When Francis Marion came near the old plantation, a sad sight met his eyes. Instead of nice fields of rice and the songs of happy negroes, he saw wasted fields and broken down fences.

His boats and plows were gone. His first thought was to get tools and men and re-plant his fields.



He was glad to be at peace again. Many of his neighbors, who had taken sides with the King, thought that now they would be punished. But Marion said, "It was war then, it is peace now. God has given us victory. Let us show our thanks to heaven, which we cannot do by being cruel."

General Marion's life was now very lonely, for his mother had died.

He had never married, for, while he was a brave soldier, he had never asked a lady to marry him for fear she might say "No."

Near him lived a very rich Huguenot lady who admired the brave General Marion very much. Her name was Mary Videau. Friends hinted to Marion that she was willing to marry him.

He must have heeded his friends for they were married soon after.

Sunday afternoons, seated on his pleasant porch, he used often to tell his friends how the British hunted him from swamp to swamp. "But the Swamp Fox was too much for them," he said with a laugh.

South Carolina could never be entirely taken by the British as long as Francis Marion lived.

He was one of the many brave, good men who helped to make the United States what it now is.

Although he was born the same year as Washington, he died a few years sooner.

His last words show what a noble man he was. He said, "I have never tried to wrong anyone. I have always tried to do right."









This is  
*One of Two Hundred Volumes*  
of the  
*Instructor Literature Series*  
*Library Edition*

SEND FOR FULL CATALOGUE







Instructor Literature Series—No. 78C

# STORIES OF THE REVOLUTION

PART III.



F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

0 inch

1

2

3

4

5

18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30